

# 2Pac Lyrics

**"Intro/Bomb First (My Second Reply)"**  
(feat. Outlawz)

[\*crowd noise\*]

[Press release:]

In today's music news: The ever-controversial 2Pac Shakur has just released another album under the alias "Makaveli".

Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artists' street dates in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.

Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur, but of Death Row Records as well.

Nas, the alleged ring leader, is furious at 2Pac—excuse me—Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Sleep, Notorious P.I.G., and several other New York rappers.

Jay Z, from "Hawaiian Sophie" fame, Big Little whatever and several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release.

The question everybody wants to know is:

Why'd they get this nigga started? 2Pac—rather Makaveli—was not available for comment, but released this statement:

[2Pac talking:]

It's not about East or West

It's about niggas and bitches, power and money, riders and punks – which side are you on?

[\*gunshots followed by several encroaching footsteps\*]

These niggas is still fucking talking?

You niggas still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight

Aight, it's the Raid for you cockroaches

Punk motherfuckers, this is it (Makaveli The Don)

Killuminati Style (all day) (up in your ass)

(Bomb first) (Outlaw Ridahz) Solo Shit, Bring it!

[2Pac:]

Allow me to introduce first: Makaveli the Don

Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like The Holy Qur'an

Niggas get shook like 5-0

My .45 is next to me when we ride for survival

Money-making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen pockets

Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it

Expose snakes 'cause they breed freely

See me ride! Located worldwide like the art of graffiti

I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty

Born on a dope fiend's titty

In every city you'll find me

Look for trouble right behind me

My Outlaw niggas down to die for me

Know what I mean? I hit the scene

Niggas ducking from my guillotine stare

I'm right there, my every word a fucking nightmare

Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall

This for my dogs down to die for y'all  
Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em  
Cut 'em down, to hell is where we send 'em  
My whole team; trained to explode, ride or die  
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gonna cry  
Me; a born leader, never leave the block without my heater  
Two big pits, I call them "my bitch-nigga eaters"  
And not a whimper until I'm gone  
Thug Life running through my veins, so I'm strong  
Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride  
Oh, how do we do these niggas, but I'm not gonna cry  
I'm a Bad Boy killer, Jay-Z die too  
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga, when I find you  
Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe  
How many niggas down to die for me? Yay-yay  
West Coast rider, coming right behind ya  
Should have never fucked with me  
I want money, hoes, sex and weed  
I won't rest until my road dog's free; bomb first

*[2Pac:]*

We bomb first when we ride  
Please, reconsider before you die  
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight  
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first  
We bomb first when we ride  
Please reconsider before you die  
We ain't even come to fight tonight  
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

For so many days, in so many ways  
We've been ducking strays they delivers  
But still we some Bad Boy killers  
Got nothing to lose, I gots nowhere to go  
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row  
With Outlawz, it's Makaveli be the general  
And I be a soldier on a mission  
Sent to do what you'll never do  
And that's ride for the cause, yes, I'll die for the cause  
You best believe, if I'ma leave this bitch  
Yo, I'm dying with yours  
Kamikaze, sicker than a motherfucking Nazi  
Got a little question for that nigga that made "Paparazzi"  
If you ain't in this rap game  
For the motherfucking cash, mane  
Then what is your motherfucking purpose?  
Non can serve us  
E.D.I. Mean, born worthless  
That's until the day I decided to bomb first, bitch

*[2Pac:]*

Biatch! Come on, bring it, down with it!  
Then we ride  
Come on, bring it  
Bomb first then we ride

Hey, get that nigga!

*[Young Noble:]*

Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent leather  
Causing massive terror, y'all niggas lack, you ain't thorough  
    Half rapper, half drug kingpin  
    You're telling fairy tales, dunn  
"King of New York" like you the motherfucking one?  
    But I'm from Jers' and we don't play that shit  
From the Clare down to North Bricks, all my niggas flippin' chips, gettin' rich, even though it's hard  
    Trying to creep through these halls and brawls  
    Without scarred by a revolve  
With no warning signs, 'cause yo, my man took five  
Now I'm the young one with the 9 ready to put in my time

*[2Pac:]*

Shoot first, look at their head, burst bleeding  
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me  
    We bomb first when we ride  
    Please reconsider 'fore you die  
    G's and thug niggas on the rise  
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first  
    We bomb first when we ride  
    Please reconsider 'fore you die  
    G's and thug niggas on the rise  
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first

*[Start of "Hail Mary"]*

Let us pray, my niggas  
For we have definitely sinned

Thanks to scorpius66duece for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Hail Mary"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital Joe, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Makaveli in this, Killuminati

All through your body

That blows like a 12-gauge shotty, feel me!

And God said he should send his one begotten son

To lead the wild into the ways of the man

Follow me! Eat my flesh, flesh of my flesh!

[2Pac:]

Come with me!

Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see

What do we have here now?

Do you wanna ride or die?

La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]

I ain't a killer, but don't push me

Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to gettin' pussy

Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted

Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it

Bow down, pray to God, hopin' that he's listenin'

Seein' niggas comin' for me

Through my diamonds, when they glistenin'

Now pay attention: bless me please, Father, I'm a ghost

In these killing fields, hail Mary, catch me if I go

Let's go deep inside the solitary mind of a madman

Screams in the dark, evil lurks, enemies see me flee

Activate my hate, let it break to the flame

Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim

Some say the game is all corrupt and fucked in this shit

Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit

Plus, mama told me never stop until I bust a nut

Fuck the world if they can't adjust, it's just as well, hail Mary

[2Pac:]

Come with me!

Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see

What do we have here now?

Do you wanna ride or die?

La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]

Penitentiaries is packed with promise-makers

Never realize the precious time that bitch niggas is wastin'

Institutionalized, I live my life a product made to crumble

But too hardened for a smile

We're too crazy to be humble; we ballin'

Catch me, father, please, 'cause I'm fallin' in the liquor store

Pass the Hennessy, I hear you callin', can I get some more?

Hell, 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared  
Mama checkin' in my bedroom, I ain't there  
I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do?  
One life to live, but I got nothin' to lose  
Just me and you on a one-way trip to prison, sellin' drugs  
We all wrapped up in this livin', life as thugs  
To my homeboys in Clinton Max doin' their bid  
Raise hell to this real shit and feel this  
When they turn out the lights, I'll be there in the dark  
Thuggin' eternal through my heart; now hail Mary, nigga!

*[2Pac:]*

Come with me!  
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see  
What do we have here now?  
Do you wanna ride or die?  
La la-la la la la la

*[Kastro:]*

They got a APB out on my thug family  
Since Outlawz run these streets like these scandalous freaks  
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead  
Head down, K-blasted off of Hennessy and Thai chronic  
Mixed in, now I'm twisted, blistered and high  
Visions of me, thug-livin', gettin' me by  
Forever live, and I multiply, survived by thugs  
When I die they won't cry unless they comin' with slugs

*[Young Noble:]*

Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me  
Brain kind of cloudy, smoked out, feelin' rowdy  
Ready to wet the party up  
And whoever in that mothafucka, nasty new street slugger  
My heat seeks suckers on the regular  
Mashin' in a stolen Black Ac' Integra  
Cocked back, 60 seconds 'til the draw  
That's when I'm deadin' ya, feet first  
You've got a nice gat, but my heat's worse  
From a thug to preachin' church  
I gave you love, now you eatin' dirt  
Needin' work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on  
'Cause word is bond  
When I was broke, I had to hustle 'til dawn  
That's when the sun came up, there's only one way up  
Hold your head and stay up  
To all my niggas, get your pay and weight up

*[Kadafi:]*

If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?  
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take  
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate  
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?  
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take  
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate

*[2Pac:]*  
Come with me!  
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see  
What do we have here now?  
Do you wanna ride or die?  
La la-la la la la la

*[Prince Ital Joe:]*  
We've been travelin' on this weary road  
Sometimes life can be a heavy load  
But we ride, ride it like a bullet  
Hail Mary, hail Mary  
We won't worry, everything will curry  
Free like the bird in the tree  
We won't worry, everything will curry  
Yes, we free like the bird in the tree  
We runnin' from the penitentiary  
This is the time for we liberty; hail Mary, hail Mary!

*[2Pac:]*  
Westside, Outlawz  
Makaveli the Don, solo  
Killuminati, The 7 Days

Thanks to Sm\_gregory, sdcv, aftaita\_1, Benu for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Paquette, Bruce Washington, Tyrone J. Wrice

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Toss It Up"

(feat. K-Ci, JoJo, Danny Boy Steward, Aaron Hall)

[2Pac:]

The money behind the dreams  
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got  
My other Capo in this big-ass  
Conglomerate called Death Row  
Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather  
And who's he coming through right now?  
Makaveli the Don  
Feel this, Killuminati

[2Pac:]

Lord have mercy, father help us all  
Since you supplied your phone number, I can't help but call  
Time for action, conversating, we relaxing, kicking back  
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that  
Tongue-kissing, hand full of hair, look in my eyes  
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise  
Me and you moving in the nude, do it in the living room  
Sweating up the sheets, it's the Thug in me  
I mean no disrespecting when I tongue-kiss your neck  
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect?  
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top  
I pull over, getting busy in the parking lot  
And don't you love it how I lick your hips and glide?  
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside  
Got you lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust  
I got the bedroom shaking, back-breaking  
When we're tossing it up

[Danny Boy:]

Feel this baby, I like the way it's going down  
When nobody's around, slip-slide ride  
Giving me that nice smile  
Female I like, what I want to give all night  
You and me alone, everybody's gone, toss it up  
Baby let's get it on!

[Jojo:]

I like the way you please me, baby  
The sexy way you tease me, shorty  
The way you move your body  
It really drives me crazy  
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting  
So baby come on home with me  
I like the way you give it to me, baby

[Danny Boy & JoJo:]

I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up

I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up

*[Bridge:]*

Play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on

*[K-Ci:]*

Oh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm, that want you lady

Oh, don't act so shady

Baby, your taste as fine as gravy

The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang  
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!

*[Aaron Hall:]*

Nasty man, I'm here again  
Don't want it to ever end  
It's feeling too good  
Gimme some more, oh lady, lady  
Your body the kind I like-ah  
Big booty titillating delight-ah  
Back it up yo, let me in there  
Toss it up for me

*[K-Ci & Aaron Hall:]*

I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
So won't you play on

*[2Pac:]*

How do you want it? What's your phone number? I get around  
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now  
Still down for that Death Row sound, searching for paydays  
No longer Dre Day: arrivederci  
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plotting Child's Play  
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize  
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move  
Cross Death Row, now who you gonna run to?  
Laugh at you suckers cause you similar  
Pretending to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature  
Screaming "Compton", but you can't return, you ain't heard?  
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs  
Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable  
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushing you

Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed  
Who can you trust? Only time reveals  
Toss it up

Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up

[2Pac:]

Yeah no doubt

Toss it up now

Play on playa, play on

How can some non-players do a song about tossing it up

And then want to do a player song?

(you so fat, you and Lil' Kim need a weight scale to lay down in bed

We are not little kids, you fat ass, you feelin' threatened)

How can non-players do it? (you know who I'm talking bout)

Teddy Riley, who? Puffy? Who?

Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon

You still ain't touching us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street, boy

It's on! Toss it up, we took you on

And we took y'all beat (toss it up)

You know who beat we took, and we took y'all beat

Cause you wasn't rocking it right! (toss it up now)

Tired of suckers rocking beats that don't belong to them, toss it up, it's on, it's out there now, it's our beat now

Yeah, toss it up now!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Hailey Joel Lamonte, Hailey Cedric R, Moore Reginald Devell, Hall Aaron Robin, Steward Danny Boy, Shipp Demetrius Antoinne

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "To Live & Die In L.A."

(feat. Val Young)

"Street Science, you're on the air. What do you feel when you hear a record like 2Pac's new one?"

"I love 2Pac's new record."

"Right, but don't you feel like that creates tension between East and West? I mean, he's talking about killing people, 'I had sex with your wife' — and not in those words. But he's talking about, 'I wanna see you deceased'..."

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A., California

What you say about Los Angeles?

Still the only place for me

It never rains in Southern California

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A.

Where everyday we try to fatten our pockets

Us niggas hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it

Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'

Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces

Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart

Who was a friend is now a ghost in the dark

Cold-hearted 'bout it, nigga got smoked by a fiend

Tryin' to floss on him, blind to a broken man's dream

A hard lesson, court cases keep me guessin'

Plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin'

Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen

Making money off of cuss words, writin' again

Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen

Late night down sunset, likin' the scene

What's the worst they could do to a nigga?

Got me lost in Hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail

[Val Young (2Pac):]

(My angel sing)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be

(And the angels go)

You've got to be there to know it

When everybody wanna see

(To live and die in L.A.)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be

You've got to be there to know it

When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]

It's the City of Angels and constant danger

South Central L.A. can't get no stranger

Full of drama, like a soap opera, on the curb

Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe

So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail

I swear, the pen right across from hell

I can't cry, 'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now  
Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile  
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures  
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches  
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's  
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's  
I love Cali like I love women  
'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him  
We might fight amongst each other  
But I promise you this: we'll burn this bitch down  
Get us pissed, to live and die in L.A.

*[Val Young (2Pac):]*

(My angel sing)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
(And the angels go)  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see  
(To live and die in L.A.)  
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see

*[2Pac:]*

It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans  
Black love, brown pride, and the sets again  
Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke  
I'm on some bullshit out for everything they owe  
Remember K-day? Weekends, Crenshaw, MLK?  
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way  
Gang signs being shown, nigga, love your hood!  
But recognize and it's all good  
Where the weed at? Niggas gettin' shermed out  
Snoop Dogg in this mothafucka permed out  
M.O.B., Big Suge in the Lo-Lo, bounce and turn  
Dogg Pound in the Lex with a ounce to burn  
Got them Watts niggas with me, O.F.T.B.  
They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me  
Neckbone, Tray, Heron, Big Buntry too  
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you  
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay  
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly; to live and die in L.A.

*[Val Young (2Pac):]*

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
(Let my angel sing)  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see  
(And my angels go)  
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
(To live and die in L.A.)  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see  
(Let my angel sing)

*[2Pac:]*

This go out for 92.3, and 106  
All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit  
Makin' my shit sells katuple quitruple platinum  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)  
This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga  
All the real motherfuckers  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)  
All the stores, the mom and pop spots  
A&R people, all y'all mothafuckers  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)  
L.A., "California Love" part mothafuckin' two  
Without gay ass Dre  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)

Thanks to ericmpthomas, Ammar Ahmed for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Blasphemy"  
(feat. Prince Ital)

[\*"*To Live & Die in L.A.*" fades out]

*[Snipped of a religious TV show:]*

God has a plan, and the Bible unfolds that wonderful plan through the message of prophecy  
God sent Jesus into this world to be our savior and that Christ is returning someday soon To unfold the wonderful  
plan of eternity

For my life and your life

As long as we're cooperating with God by accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and savior unless the  
Lord does return in the coming seven days  
We'll see you next time here on This Week in Bible Prophecy

*[2Pac:]*

2Pac, don't start that blasphemy in here!  
Makaveli, the new breed  
And I remember what my pops told me  
The new word, follow me  
Remember what my pops told me

*[2Pac:]*

My family tree consists of drug dealers, thugs and killers  
Strugglin', known to hustle screaming, "Fuck they feelings!"  
I got advice from my father, all he told me was this  
Nigga, get off your ass if you plan to be rich!  
There's ten rules to the game, but I'll share with you two  
Know niggas gon' hate you for whatever you do  
Now, rule one: get your cash on, M.O.B.  
That's Money Over Bitches, cause they breed envy  
Now rule two is a hard one: watch for phonies  
Keep your enemies close, nigga, watch your homies  
It seemed a little unimportant, when he told me I smiled  
Picture jewels being handed to an innocent child  
I never knew in my lifetime I'd live by these rules  
Initiated as an outlaw, studying rules  
Now papa ain't around, so I gotta recall  
Or come to grips with bein' written on my enemy's walls  
Promised if I have a seed, I'ma guide him right  
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight  
I got words for my comrades, listen and learn  
Ain't nothing free, get back what you earned  
No doubt, getting higher than a motherfucker, bless me please  
This Thug Life'll be the death of me, c'mon, yeah

And I remember what my papa told me  
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

*[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]*

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain (blas-blas-blasphemy, blasphemy)

(Remember what my pops told me)

While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

*[2Pac:]*

We probably in Hell already, our dumb asses not knowing

Everybody kissing ass to go to Heaven ain't going

Put my soul on it, I'm fighting devil niggas daily

Plus the media be crucifying brothers severely

Tell me I ain't God's son, nigga mom a virgin

We got evicted had to leave the 'burbs, back in the ghetto

Doing wild shit, looking at the sun, don't pay

Criminal mind all the time, wait for Judgment Day

They say Moses split the Red Sea

I split the blunt and rolled a fat one up deadly

Babylon beware, coming for the Pharoah's kids

Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did

Still bullshittin', niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs

God coming, she's just taking her time (haha)

Living by the Nile while the water flow

I'm contemplating plots wondering where the thought'll go

Brothas getting shot, coming back resurrected

It's just that raw shit, nigga, check it (that raw shit)

And I remember what my papa told me

Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

*[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]*

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord

Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud

(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain

(Remember what my pops told me)

While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

(what!)

*[2Pac:]*

The preacher want me buried, why? Cause I know he a liar

Have you ever seen a crackhead, that's eternal fire

Why you got these kids' minds thinking that they evil?

While the preacher being freaky you say "honor God's people"

Should we cry when the Pope die? My request

We should cry if they cried when we buried Malcolm X

Mama, tell me am I wrong, is God just another cop?

Waiting to beat my ass if I don't go pop?

Memories of a past time, giving up cash to the leaders

Knowing damn well they ain't gonna feed us

In my brain how can you explain time in B.C

It's hard enough to live now in these times of greed

They say Jesus is a kind man

Well, he should understand times in this crime land

My Thug nation, do what you gotta do, but know you gotta change. Try to find a way to make it out the game

I leave this, and hope God can see my heart is pure

Is heaven just another door? I leave this here

I leave this, and hope God see my heart is pure

Is Heaven just another door? And my people say...

*[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]*

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
(Remember what my pops told me)  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
(Can't I remember what my pops told me, blasphemy)  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain  
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain  
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Our father, who art in heaven  
Hallow be thy name  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
In Earth as it is in Heaven  
Give us this day, our daily bread  
As we give up our debts  
As we forgive our debt-ors  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us unevil  
For God is the kingdom and the power  
And the glory forever and ever and ever

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J, Paquette Joseph

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Life Of An Outlaw"

(feat. Outlawz)

In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]

Why explain the game  
Niggas ain't listenin', stuck in positions  
If victims can't stand the heat then stay the fuck out the kitchen  
Half these busters switchin', lookin' at me mean  
Itchin', givin' suckers plenty space  
Have these bitch niggas snitchin'  
Where are we now, guns found daily  
The feds surely hope that they could finally nail me  
For sellin' dope they backwards  
Make track burst, whenever I rap  
Attack  
Words bein' known to explode on contact  
Extreme at times  
Blinded by my passion and fury  
Look at me laugh at my competition's flashin' my jewelry  
You'd stay silent if you niggas knew me  
Truely effective  
The shit you heard ain't do me justice  
Got a death wish, bitch  
Run but face, being traced, by the infrared beam  
It seems niggas ain't recognize my team  
Ain't nobody holdin' you back, explode the track to confetti  
Unload it  
Cause niggas ain't ready  
The life of an outlaw

In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]

Code 3

Attack formation  
Pull out your pistols  
Keep an eye out for the devils cause they itchin' to get you  
Merciless madman screamin' kamikaze in tongue  
Automatic gunfire makin' all my enemies run  
Who should I call when I'm shot and bleedin'  
Indeed the possibility has part a chase in cream  
Dope got me hatin' fiends  
Scheme with my team, just a chosen few  
My foes victim of explosives

Come closer  
Exhale the fumes  
We got memories fadin' fast  
A slave for cash  
Accelerate, mash, blast, then dash  
Don't look now. How you like it, raw  
Niggas ain't ready for the wrath of the outlaws  
Never surrender  
Death before dishonor, stay free  
I'm thugged out  
Fuck the world cause this is how they made me  
Scarred but still breathin'  
Believe in me and you could see the victory  
A warrior with jewels  
Will you picture me?  
Life of an outlaw

In the life we live as thugs (no doubt)  
Everybody fuckin' with us (yes!), so can't you see (life of an outlaw)  
It's hard to be a man (soldiers in position, attack formation)  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
(No retreat, no surrender)

*[Young Noble:]*  
City under siege  
It's like I can't even breathe  
I'm from the state of car thieves  
G, deep from the street  
Plenty beef  
I play for keeps, arrange the whole crime scene  
Mobb peep  
This nigga from behind tryin' to creep  
No half-wits, no straps, jack  
It's on to bounce back  
An ounce of wrath so bad, it snatched my style on death  
Tell the reaper I was sent to get ya  
Snip with clippers  
Get the picture  
I wrote my life down as a scripture

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*  
And still I'm lost in the land of the lonely  
Where ain't nobody holy  
A matter of a fact, we unholy  
Everybody livin' soley for themselves  
Too high strung to lend help  
To somebody who be needin' it  
You know we lost hope and we needin' it  
Wit' the evil it's forever  
But it might be low down, scandalous  
Like a tramp is  
All for the street fame on how to be managed  
To plan shit  
6 months in advanced to what we plotted  
Approved to go on swole and now I got it

*[Kastro:]*

Uh, crack my window  
Knowin' they'd love to catch Kastro sleepin'  
Attach a strap under my pillow hand to hand like we freakin'  
Creepin' deep into mornin'  
Peepin' out the weak while they yawnin'  
And let my clout speak for itself  
No doubt  
Outlaw  
Outta my mind, outta time  
You're all blind  
Some kind of life of mine if K-Dog don't mind  
Findin' it funny, matter of fact, cause it is  
Perhaps finally I'll adapt to it over the years as an outlaw

*[(2Pac) Napoleon:]*

(Eh, Napoleon)  
What's up, nigga?  
(Would you die for me, nigga?)  
Hell yeah  
(Would you kill for me, nigga?)  
On my grandmother, nigga  
(Ah yo)  
What's up  
(Let's ride on them stupid bitches right now  
Watch out)

*[Napoleon:]*

Well, now they all say that vultures and parasites  
Snakes are all alike  
Thug life break night  
Drink 'til we fist fight  
Life or death. But you can't win with a vest  
But there won't be no breathin' for the reason  
Punk bitch on your breath  
I see day is dark and I admit it's dark  
So chase the air hide your stash  
Beware from [?] marks

And yo, Makaveli, give me them bullets that was left up in your belly  
And let me bust back to them niggas 'til they all cold and sweaty

In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man

Ridin' with my guns in hand

Thanks to KRAZY, iceman40ounce for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Just Like Daddy"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (E.D.I. Mean):]

Outlawz, go ahead, in this

No doubt

Death Row, Makaveli Records

(You can call me daddy, uh)

(I'll be ya daddy, that's right, uh)

(Just like daddy)

(Fo' the ladies)

Hahaha

[2Pac & Singer:]

Come with me and in time we'll grow

Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why

Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion

Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on

Sunshine turns to rain

Baby, I can take away ya pain

If ya trust me

Close ya eyes, feel the magic

Neva leave when ya need me

I'll do ya just like daddy

[E.D.I. Mean:]

I met her when she was younger

Real daddy died when she was younger

Her moms let her do what she please, an' seen no one loved her

Her eyes shined of love, a diamond in the rough

The kind that you could love; not yet touch, but so much, potential

Youngster let me guide ya mental

And to a place, with a sourness of pain you'll never taste

By God's grace, you was born with that face

Nothin' but pure beauty; so for an eternity, I feel it's my duty

To be a souljah (souljah) yeah, baby got plans to mold ya

In the coldest nights is when I hold ya

Like I'm supposed to, as we roll closer

I'll take yo' hand gladly, anything you need, ask me

Supportin' my baby girl just like daddy

[Makaveli:]

To alleviate the stress, spendin' time wit' you, I feel blessed

When you gone, feel the pain so strong deep in my chest

When I got arrested, came so close to goin' to jail

Throwin' blows at the po-pos breakin' ya nails

Screamin' loud goin' all out, damn I did

You stayed locked down at moms house, watchin' the kids

Through the whole bid in the V-I, I see ya daily

While my fake homies try to fuck you, you run and tell me

That's why I stay committed, I thank God every time I hit it

Hopin' you'll forgive me for all the times I bullshitted

Me and you against the world, we untouchable  
Screamin' like you dyin' every time I'm fuckin' you  
Ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there  
No need to fear so much insanity, and through the years  
I know ya gave me your heart, plus  
When I'm dirt broke and fucked up, ya still love me

*[2Pac & Singer:]*

Come with me and in time we'll grow  
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why  
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion  
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on  
Sunshine turns to rain  
Baby, I can take away ya pain  
If ya trust me  
Close ya eyes, feel the magic  
Neva leave when ya need me  
I'll do ya just like daddy

*[Yaki Kadaifi:]*

Boo, would ya die for me?  
Down holdin' my pistol, gettin' high  
With mean sounds tougher than bristles  
But when you cry I'll be ya tissue  
Back in the county written letters, how I miss you  
Givin' you credit, apologetic how I diss you  
Kiss you for thinkin' like a mona and on a level  
And sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilation  
For a total twine ya, we right behind ya true  
Life just me and you, no tellin' what we could do  
Gettin' high between the sheets, make the shit right here discrete  
Puttin' hickeys on ya belly while we fuckin' on the beach  
I love it when ya nut up and grab me  
I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy

*[Young Noble:]*

Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya, lost soul lookin' for shelter  
On late night accept it, treat ya good, won't disrespect ya  
My age is young, out of place bitch days is done  
From a trixy to a missy, you know I raised ya hun  
Placed her under my wing, showed her how we swing  
Now she rolling blunts for her king  
One day labelled thug misses, the essence of my ghetto sisters  
Hugs and kisses, that's just for me to be a father figure

*[2Pac (Singer):]*

(Just like daddy) come with me and in time we'll grow  
(Just like daddy) Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why  
(Just like daddy, c'mon) Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion  
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on  
(just like daddy. Sunshine turns to rain)  
(Baby, I can take away ya pain just like daddy)  
(If ya trust me)  
(Just like daddy, come on. Close ya eyes, feel the magic)  
(Neva leave when ya need me)  
(I'll do ya just like daddy)

[2Pac:]

C'mon

Throw ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Throw ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Throw ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Throw ya hands up  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Come On

Yes

Yes, just like daddy

Yes, throw ya hands in the air, come on

Outlawz in this mutha fucka (Yes!)

No doubt!

Kadafi, Hussein, Makaveli, Napoleon, Marvaless, EDI, Kastro, Khameleon, Storm, Yeah the bitch check

No doubt get yo money

Throw yo hands in the air

Yeah, just like daddy baby

Know you got somewhere to go tonight

Cause you a thug nigga, thug nigga that loves niggas!

Hahahahaha

Come on

Just like daddy

Outlawz baby, outlaws, outlaws outlaw, outlaw

Throw ya hands in the muthafuckin' air

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Krazy"

(feat. Bad Ass)

[2Pac:]

Throw me a cigarette, dawg! [\*inhales\*]  
They got me feelin' crazier than a motherfucker  
I got Bad Azz in this motherfucker  
Makaveli the Don, representin' the Outlawz  
Bad Azz representin' the LBC Crew  
So what'cha wanna do? Y'know how we do it

[2Pac:]

Puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

(Tell 'em about it!)

[2Pac:]

Last year was a hard one, but life goes on  
Hold my head against the wall, learnin' right from wrong  
They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids  
As if they can't see the misery in which they live  
Blame me for the outcome, ban my records – check it  
Don't have to bump this, but please respect it  
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us  
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded  
Hennessy got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'  
Rollin' in my drop-top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?  
Sittin' in my car, watch the stars and smoke  
I came a long way, but still I got so far to go  
Dear mama, don't worry; I'ma watch for snakes  
Tell Setchu that I love her, but it's hard today  
I got the letter that she sent me, and I cried for weeks  
This what came out when I tried to speak – all I heard was...

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga going' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy

(One, two, three, four)

[2Pac:]

I see bloods and crips runnin' up the hill  
Lookin' for a better way  
My brothers and sisters, it's time to bail  
'Cause even thug niggas pray  
Hopin' God hear me, I entered the game  
Look how much I changed  
I'm no longer innocent – casualties of fame  
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places  
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face  
When I gave her the keys to her own house, this your land  
Your only son done became a man  
Watchin' time fly, I love my people, do or die  
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly  
June 1-6, '7-1, the day  
Mama pushed me out her womb, told me, "Nigga, get paid!"  
No one can understand me – the black sheep  
Outcasted from my family, now packin' heat  
I run the streets, a young runaway, live for today  
When he died, I could hear him say... (Thug Life, baby!)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Crazy  
Crazy  
Crazy  
I feel crazy (crazy)

[Bad Azz:]

God, help me out here, 'cause I'm possessed  
I need the root of all evil for my stress  
'Cause money's like a strong prescription drug  
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it inflicted  
Somethin' about the paper with the pictures of the president's head, damn, it's like a motherfuckin' plague that spread  
It's epidemic; forgotten, forgotten it got worse  
I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cause it's cursed  
Makin' money makes a difference day by day  
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt, day in and day out  
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live  
No matter how hard you try, it's in death, you gotta die  
A lot of my peers didn't make it to the years to come  
Did life doin' right or did life livin' dumb  
Who has the answers? I wonder; I turn to my elders  
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya  
Or tell me, that there'll be light at the end of the road  
(Why?) 'Cause they don't even know  
A million things run through my mind (through my mind)

You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time  
(You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy

[2Pac:]

I feel fucked up in this bitch

I smoked half a ounce to the head. Chocolate Thai, indo, Hawaiian, lambsbread, Buddha – all that shit!

I'm fucked up in this motherfucker

And Hennessy don't help  
And Hennessy don't help

Thug Passion in this muh'fucker

Makaveli the Don puttin' it down to the fullest

Maximum overload

3 Day Theory – Killuminati to your body

With the impact of a 12 gauge shotty

Double-I slugs, no love, straight thugs

One time for my niggas in the jail cell, (One time for my niggas locked up)

One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell, (One time for my niggas and shit, one time)

One time for my niggas in the jail cell (One time)

One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell (One time for my niggas locked down)

One time for my niggas on the Death Row

(One time for my niggas on the Row)

For my niggas on Death Row

One time for my niggas livin' broke (Westside, California style, LA!)

One time for my niggas livin' broke (You know what time it is, no doubt)

One time for my niggas in the jail cell (Get high, puffin' on lye)

Wonder if it get me high, yeah

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Harper Marvin Darrell, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stamps Jamarr Antonio

# 2Pac Lyrics

"White Man's World"

(feat. Big D The Impossible)

You go bustin' your fist against a stone wall  
You're not usin' your brain  
That's what the white man wants you to do  
Look at you, what makes you ashamed of bein black

[2Pac:]

Nothin' but love for you my sister  
Might even know how hard it is, no doubt  
Bein' a woman, a black woman at that, no doubt  
Shit, in this white man's world  
Sometimes we overlook the fact that we be ridin' hard on our sisters  
We don't be knowin' the pain we be causin'  
In this white man's world  
In this white man's world  
I ain't sayin I'm innocent in all this  
I'm just sayin'  
In this white man's world  
This song is for y'all  
For all those times that I messed up or we messed up

[2Pac:]

Dear sister, got me twisted up in prison I miss ya  
Cryin' lookin' at my niece's and my nephew picture  
They say don't let this cruel world get ya, kinda suspicious  
Swearin' one day you might leave me, for somebody that's richer  
Twist the cap off the bottle, I take a sip and see tomorrow  
Gotta make it if I have to beg or borrow  
Readin' love letters; late night, locked down and quiet  
If brothers don't receive they mail best believe we riot  
Eatin' Jack-Mack, starin' at the walls of silence  
Inside this cage where they captured all my rage and violence  
In time I learned a few lessons, never fall for riches  
Apologizes to my true sisters, far from bitches  
Help me raise my Black Nation, reparations are due  
It's true, caught up in this world I took advantage of you  
So tell the babies how I love them, precious boys and girls  
Born black in this white man's world - and all I heard was

Who, knows what tomorrow brings  
In this world, where everyone's blind?  
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find  
To let you know, that you're not alone

[2Pac:]

Only thing they ever did wrong (yes!, yes!) was bein' born black (no doubt), in this white man's world.  
All my ghetto motherfuckers be proud to be black if you proud to have this shit like this, cause ain't nobody got it  
like this (all my little Black seeds, born Black in the White man's world).

All these motherfuckers wanna be like us.

They all wanna be like us, to be the have naughts: all hail.

God bless the child that can hold his own, no motherfuckin' doubt

[2Pac:]

Bein' born with less, I must confess only adds on to the stress  
Two gunshots to my homie's head, died in his vest  
Shot him to death and left him bleedin' for his family to see  
I pass his casket gently askin', is there heaven for G's  
My homeboy's doin' life, his baby momma be stressin'  
Sheddin' tears when her son, finally ask that questions  
Where my daddy at? Mama why we live so poor  
Why you crying? Heard you late night through my bedroom door  
Now do you love me mama? Why they keep on calling me nigga?  
Get my weight up with my hate and pay 'em back when I'm bigger  
And still thuggin' in his jail cell, missing my block  
Hearin' brothers screamin' all night, wishing they'd stop  
Proud to be black but why we act like we don't love ourselves  
Don't look around busta (you sucka) check yourselves  
Know what it means to be black, whether a man or girl  
We still struggling, in this white man's world

[2Pac:]

Who, knows what tomorrow brings  
(Born black in this white man's world)  
In this world, where everyone's blind?  
(In this white man's world)  
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find  
(In this white man's world)  
To let you know, that you're not alone

[\*megaphone\*]

We must fight, for brother Mumia  
We must fight, for brother Mutulu  
And we must fight, for brother Ruchell Magee  
We must fight, for brother Geronimo Pratt  
We must fight, for [?], Zulu, [?]  
We must fight, for countless political prisoners  
Who are locked up falsely by this white man

[2Pac:]

So tell me why you  
Changed to choose a new direction, in the blink of an eye  
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die  
Not gon' cry, why should I care  
Like we holding on to lost love that's no longer there  
Can you please help me, God bless me please keep my seeds healthy  
Making all my enemies bleed while my G's wealthy  
Hoping they bury me with ammunitions, weed, and shells  
Just in case they trip in heaven - ain't no G's in hell  
Sister sorry for the pain that I caused your heart  
I know I'll change if you help me, but don't fall apart  
Rest in peace to Latasha, Lil' Yummy, and Kato  
Too much for this cold world to take - ended up bein fatal  
Every woman in America, especially black  
Bear with me, can't you see, that we under attack  
I never meant to cause drama, to my sister and mama  
Hope we make it, to better times, in this white man's world

Who, knows what tomorrow brings  
In world, where everyone's blind?  
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find  
To let you know, that you're not alone

*[Khalid Abdul Muhammad:]*  
"You're out of touch with reality!  
There are a few of you in a few smoke-filled rooms  
Calling that the mainstream, while the masses of the people  
--White and black, red, yellow and brown, poor and vulnerable-- are suffering in this nation."

*[2Pac:]*  
Never that, in this white man's world, they can't stop us  
We've been here all this time they ain't took us out  
They can never take us out  
No matter what they say, about us bein extinct  
About us being endangered species, we ain't NEVER gon' leave this  
We ain't never gon' walk off this planet, unless Y'ALL choose to  
Use your brain, use your brain  
It ain't them that's killin' us it's US that's killin' us  
It ain't them that's knockin' us off, it's US that's knockin' us off  
I'm tellin' you better watch it, or be a victim  
Be a victim, in this white man's world  
.. born black, in this white man's world, no doubt  
And it's dedicated to my motherfuckin' teachers  
Mutulu Shakur, Geronimo Pratt, Mumia Abu Jamal  
Sekou Odinga, all the real O.G.'s, we out

*[Minister Farrakhan - Oct. 17, 1995:]*  
The seal, and the constitution, reflect the thinking of the founding fathers, that this was, to be a nation by white  
people, and for white people  
Native Americans, Blacks, and all other non-white people were to be the burden bearers, for the real citizens of  
this nation

Thanks to hoodiemobb, Trish Quinn, Dareal2face for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Me And My Girlfriend"

(feat. Virginya Slim)

*[Virginya Slim:]*

Shit, you mothafuckin' right!  
I'm the bitch that's keepin' it live and keepin' it hot  
When you punk-ass niggas don't  
Nigga, westside! What?! Bring it on!

*[2Pac:]*

Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Doing 85 when we ride  
Trapped in this world of sin  
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind

*[2Pac:]*

C'mon, our childhood years, recall the tears, heart laced with venom  
Smoking sherm, drinking malt liquor, father forgive 'em  
Me and my girlfriend, hustlin'  
Fell in love with the struggle  
Hands on the steering wheel, blush while she bail out bustin'  
Fuck 'em all, watch 'em fall screamin'  
Automatic gunfire exorcising all demons  
My mafioso messiah, my congregation high, ready to die  
We bail out to take the jail back, niggas united  
Our first date, couldn't wait to see you naked  
Touch you in every secret place, I could hardly wait  
To bust freely, got you red-hot, you so happy to see me  
Make the frontpage primetime live on TV  
Nigga, my girlfriend, baby 45 but she still live  
One shot make a nigga's heartbeat stop

*[Virginya Slim:]*

What?! I'm busting on you punk ass niggas  
Run, nigga, run! I'm on your ass, nigga  
Run, nigga! Duck and hide when I'm bustin' on all you bitches!  
Run, nigga! Yeah, west side!  
Uh! Uh! Uh! Die, nigga, die!

*[2Pac:]*

My girlfriend: blacker than the darkest night  
When niggas act bitch-made she got the heart to fight  
Nigga, my girlfriend, though we separated at times  
I knew deep inside, baby girl would always be mine  
Picked you up when you was 9  
Started out my life of crime with you  
Bought you some shells when you turned 22  
It's true, nothing compares to the satisfaction  
That I feel when we out mashin'; me and my girlfriend

*[2Pac:]*

All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

I was too immature to understand your ways  
Inexperienced back in the days  
Caused so many arguments and strays  
Now I realize how to treat you, the secret to keep you  
Being faithful, 'cause now cheating's lethal  
We're closer than the hands of time  
Deeper than the drive of mankind  
I trust you dearly, I shoot blind  
In time I clock figures, dropping niggas as we rise  
We all soldiers in God's eyes  
Now it's time for war; never leave me, baby  
I'm paranoid, sleeping with you loaded by my bedside, crazy  
Jealous when you hang with the fellas, I wait patiently alone  
Anticipated for the moment you come home  
I'm waiting by the phone, this is true love, I can feel it  
I've had a lot of women in my bed, but you the realest  
So if you ever need me, call, I'll be there through it all  
You're the reason I can stand tall; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

I love finger-fucking you, all of a sudden I'm hearing thunder  
When you bust a nut, niggas be ducking or taking numbers  
Love to watch you at a block party, begging for drama  
While unleashing on the old-timers, that's on my mama  
I would trade my life for yours, behind closed doors  
The only girl that I adore, everything I'm asking for  
Talking to me, begging me to just take you around  
Seventeen, like Brandy, you just wanna be down  
Talking loud when I tell you be quiet  
You move the crowd, busting rounds, activating a riot  
That's why I love you so, no control, down to roll, unleash  
After a hit you, break apart, then back to one piece  
Much love to my one and only girlfriend, the world is ours  
Just hold me down, baby, witness the power  
Never leave a nigga alone, I love you black or chrome  
Turn this house into a happy home: me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

Lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Doing 85 when we ride  
Trapped in this world of sin  
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind  
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Doing 85 when we ride  
Trapped in this world of sin  
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind  
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
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'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Me and my girlfriend

Thanks to Luis for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Ricky Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Hold Ya Head"

(feat. Tyrone Wrice)

*[Malcolm X prison scene:]*

Yo, Jackson! A 231549

Yeah, close four! Comin' down!

Crichlow! A 5991301

Close five! Comin' down!

*[2Pac:]*

My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island

All the Penitentiaries

Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon

All the political Prisoners

San Quentin (Look at Satan) (I see him)

All the jailhouses, I'm with you

*[2Pac (Tyrone Wrice):]*

Yeah, one thug, one thug

(How do we keep the music playin'?)

You're listenin' to the sounds of one thug

One thug, one thug, how do we get ahead?

You're listenin' to the sounds of...

*[2Pac:]*

I wake up early in the mornin', mind state so military

Suckers fantasizin' pictures of a young brother buried

Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead?

If daytime is for suckers, then tonight we breathe

Out for all that, knowin' that this world bring drawbacks

Look how they shiver once I deliver these raw raps

Meet me at the cemetery, dressed in black

Tonight we honor the dead, those who won't be back

So, if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears

An outlaw thug livin' in this game for years

Why worry? Hope to God, get me high when I'm buried

Knowin' deep inside only a few love me

Don't rush me to the gates of Heaven

Let me picture for a while, how I lived for my days as a child

I wonder now, how do we outlast?

Always get cash, stay strong if we all mash; hold ya head!

*[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]*

How do we keep the music playin'?

(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)

How do we get ahead? (Hold ya head!)

Too many young black brothers are dyin'

(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)

Livin' fast, too fast

*[2Pac:]*

These felonies be like prophecies

Beggin' me to stop, 'cause these  
Lawyers gettin' money every time they knock us  
Snatchin' pockets lyrically, suckers flee when they notice  
Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game ghost  
Exposed foes with my hocus-pocus flows, they froze  
Now suckers idolize my chosen blows  
And mo' money mean litigatin', mo' playa hatin'  
Got a cell at the pen' for me waitin'—is this my fate?  
Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin', me fall back?  
Never that, too much tequila drinkin', we all that  
Make them understand me? Hell nah, this ain't my posse  
Everyone with me is family, 'cause everybody's got me  
Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin'  
Got us all meetin' up in prison  
Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood  
Sayin', "Please show a playa love"—hold ya head! (Hold it!)

*[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]*

How do we keep the music playin'?  
(You got to hold ya head!)  
How do we get ahead? (Come on, hold ya head!)  
Too many young black brothers are dyin'  
(Yes, hold ya head!)  
Livin' fast, too fast  
(The weed got me tweakin' in my mind, I'm thinkin'...)

*[2Pac:]*

God bless the child that can hold his own  
Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome  
Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds  
Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed  
Currency means nothin' if you still ain't free  
Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me  
I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally  
Runnin' from authorities 'til they capture me  
And my aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears  
Utilize lessons learned from my childhood years  
Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head  
Tadin' conversations all night, bless the dead  
To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll  
Catch a brother at the crossroads  
Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin' time pass  
Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls; hold ya head!

*[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]*

How do we keep the music playin'?  
(You got to hold ya head!)  
How do we get ahead? (C'mon, hold ya head!)  
Too many young black brothers are dyin'  
(Yes, hold ya head!)  
Livin' fast, too fast  
(You got to hold ya head!)  
(How do we keep the music playin'?)  
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)  
How do we get ahead?

*[2Pac:]*

No matter how hard it get, feel me?  
Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book  
Watch the stars, get some pussy—whatever!

Thanks to w4ck, lildarkblood, gkaya for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Anderson Daryl L, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Grochowski Stan Vincent

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Against All Odds"

To my niggas that went out in line on duty  
21-gun salute! One love, one thug, one nation  
(Let's get down, let's do this!)  
21-gun salute! (Come on, yeah, let's do this!)  
21-gun salute! (Come on, come on, let's do this!)  
All the time I be...

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke

21-gun salute, dressed in fatigues, black jeans and boots  
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops  
This little nigga named Nas think he live like me  
Talking 'bout he left the hospital, took five like me  
You live in fantasies, nigga, I reject your deposit  
We shook Dre punk ass, now he out of the closet  
Mobb Deep wonder why a nigga blowed 'em out  
Next time grown folks talk, nigga, close your mouth!  
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply  
Done seen too many real players fall  
To let these bitch niggas beat me  
Puffy, let's be honest, you a punk  
Or you will see me with gloves  
Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me being a thug?  
And you can tell the people you roll with whatever you want  
But you and I know what's goin' on  
Payback, I knew you bitch niggas from way back  
Witness me strapped with MAC's, knew I wouldn't play that  
All you old rappers tryin' to advance  
It's all over now, take it like a man  
Niggas lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick  
Tryin' to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick  
Let it be known, this is how you made me  
Lovin' how I got you niggas crazy

Against all odds, hopin' my thug motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds  
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote

I heard he was light skinned, stocky, with a Haitian accent  
Jewelry, fast cars and he's known for flashin'  
Listen while I take you back and lace this rap  
A real live tale about a snitch named Haitian Jack  
Knew he was workin' for the feds  
Same crime, different trials, nigga, picture what he said

And did I mention?  
Promised to payback, Jimmy Henchman, in due time  
I know you bitch niggas is listenin', the world is mine  
Set me up, wet me up, niggas stuck me up  
Heard the guns bust, but you tricks never shut me up  
Touch one of mine, on everything I love  
I'll destroy everything you touch  
Play the game, nigga; all out warfare, eye for eye  
Last words to a bitch nigga: "Why you lie?"  
Now you gotta watch your back, now watch your front  
Here we come, gunshots to Tut, now you stuck  
Fuck the rap game, nigga, this M.O.B  
So believe me, we enemies, I go against all odds

I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke  
I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote, against all odds

Puffy gettin' bribed like a bitch, to hide that fact  
He did some shit he shouldn't have did, so we ridin' for that  
And that nigga that was down for me, restin' dead  
Switched sides, guess his new friends wanted him dead  
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said  
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' or dead  
Lord, listen to me, God don't like ugly, it was written  
Ayo, Nas, your whole damn style is bitten  
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers  
All my run-ins with authorities, felonious capers  
Now you wanna live my life  
So what's a "hasa", Nas? Niggas that don't rhyme right  
You've seen too many movies  
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes  
Since you lie you die; goodbye!  
Let the real live niggas hear the truth from me  
What would you do if you was me? Nigga

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke  
Against all odds, hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds

21-gun salute, one love to my true thug niggas  
(Outlaw! Outlaw! Outlaw!)  
21-gun salute to my niggas that die in the line of duty  
Representin' to the fullest, being soldiers with military minds  
That play the rules of the game, 21-gun salute  
I salute you, my niggas, stay strong  
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you, it's all for you  
To all you bitch made niggas, I'm comin' for you

Against all odds, I don't care who the fuck you is  
You touch me I'm at you  
I know you motherfuckers didn't think I forgot  
Hell nah, I ain't forgot, nigga  
I just remember what you told me  
You said don't go to war unless I got my money right  
I got my money right now, now I want war

Thanks to the\_personal\_account for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J